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CONTENTS.

SANZIO. <i>Stuart Sterne</i>	118
TOUJOURS PERDRE	114
HOMER VERSUS "PINAFORE"	115
HOW THE FRENCH LEARN TO ACT	116
LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND. II. <i>Funny Raymond Ritter</i>	117
Vassar Commencement, Pictures, and Physics.—Der Freyschütz and Casper's Kill.—Open-Air Studies.	
H. M. S. PINAFORE	118
MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE	119
Chicago.—Milwaukee.	
NOTES AND GLEANINGS	120

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SANZIO.

BY STUART STERNE, AUTHOR OF "ANGELA."

(Continued from page 106.)

And oh, how sweet

The next glad, busy day to both of them! When Benedetta came at early morn, And sat beside the canvas patiently, Long as he pleased, while Sanzio fell to work, Now to accomplish at the eleventh hour,— Nay, but he would not think that they must part! — All he had left undone. Ere he began, He hung the fine white linen round her head, That like long, dense veil fell down behind, And draped itself about the graceful shoulders In easy, flowing folds, and knotted it Himself about the slender waist in front. Though Benedetta thought him wondrous slow, Nor over skillful at his task, so long His fingers fumbled o'er it. And at first, When holding brush and pencil in his hand, He gazed upon her searchingly, now near, Now further off, — both of them smiled each time Their glances met, when Sanzio would throw out Some merry word, while Benedetta flushed And dropped her eyes, until he cried, "Nay, nay, Not so, my little Saint! This will not do; Turn the full light of those sweet eyes on me, Or I shall have no power to work!" Whereat They faltered once again.

But when ere long, Warming to his great task, he gradually Was ever more and more absorbed and lost, Until he labored on in silence, grave, And without further word or smile, sometimes E'en frowning darkly in his eagerness, — She bore unflinchingly his longest gaze, Felt that he scarcely saw her when he looked, Save as she helped his work.

Thus swiftly grew Her earnest face from out the canvas, life-like In form and tint and line, for faithfully As his unerring, subtle eye beheld, His master-mind conceived, whose swift commands The cunning hand obeyed, — he set them down, Caught all their fairness, and sweet, winning grace. Only the wavy hair he smoothed away In simple, shining bands, and on the brow He mingled with its earthly purity The mild effulgence of a heavenly light, And the bright eyes and virgin lips he deepened With the unutterable tenderness Of sainted motherhood. Yet long, it seemed, He could not please or satisfy himself, But muttered half aloud from time to time, And set his foot down hard upon the floor, And twice with one bold sweep destroyed again A whole hour's labor. But without a pause Fell ever patiently to work once more, And so at last threw down his brush, leaned back, Drew a deep sigh of comfort and content, And bade her rise and look.

"O beautiful! Am I in truth so fair as that?" she cried, "Ah yes, methinks 't is like, — a very little!" But in a moment gently shook her head, Then bowed it, as in swift humility,

Crossing her hands an instant on her breast, And softly said, "Ah no! — transfigured thus, It is no longer I!"

No answer came From Sanzio, save that he cried merrily, "My bird, you were an angel, to hold out So long in sweetest patience on your perch! Soon will I set you free, and let you fly Where'er you list, until I call again; But now for few brief moments yet, I pray, Go back once more!"

And then he speedily sketched Her finely moulded hands and tapering fingers, And ere he copied kissed each one, — in vain Did Benedetta strive against his will, Draw them away! For irresistibly He now slid back into his old, gay mood, And full of happy laughter chatted on, Till he exclaimed, "Enough and over much! Sufficient to the day shall be its work; May but my little Saint with equal grace Bless me to-morrow!"

And with this sprang up, And clasping Benedetta in his arms, Swift whirled her round and round the great, wide room, In a mad, merry dance; till the white veil First floated far behind and then dropped off, And her dark hair, escaping from its coil, Came rippling down in long, luxuriant waves, That covered neck and shoulders, face and eyes, Till laughing, breathless, blinded, she cried out, "Hold, hold, O Sanzio mine, — I can no more!"

The morrow came, and like the yesterday Fleed but too fast to these who passed again Long hours together in the sunny work-room, At whose broad windows, thrown up wide, rolled in The balmy air and joyous light of spring, And now and then the twittering bird sped by. Long, happy hours of sweet, unbroken peace! For Sanzio prayed that under some pretext Nina for these few days might turn away Pupils or patrons, strangers or good friends, All who were wont to throng his open doors; But sent her in the afternoon to bring A neighbor's pretty child. And though at first The babe gazed all about him anxiously; With troubled, restless eyes and quivering lip, The little face grew calm and smiled at length, When Benedetta gently spoke to him, In low, caressing tones; then crowing loud, He suddenly stretched his chubby arms to her, And gladly clasped in hers, and nestling close, Patting her softly with his dimpled hands, Soon blinked and shut his bright eyes dreamily, And dropped into a peaceful, smiling sleep.

The rosy babe folded upon her bosom, The snowy linen draped about them both, And the blue mantle gathered over it, She stood where he had bid her, near his work, While Sanzio gazed and gazed, and more than once His steady hand shook, and his eye grew dim, And all his heart welled up with tenderness, So passing fair seemed her sweet image thus; Forgot the unwonted burden that she bore Grew heavy in her arms, until she moved, And gently laid it down upon the couch, Saying, "Nay, I am weary, Sanzio mine, Pray let me rest awhile!"

They sped away, Those seven brief, golden days, that were so filled With mingled joy and labor, Sanzio scarce Knew the beginning or the end of each, Knew but that every hour of this blest life Quickened as with a new, untold delight. But promptly on the morning of the eighth, The summons came from home for Benedetta. Breathless she flew to Sanzio, with the cry, "Our neighbor is below to take me back, My mother sends him! Oh, but must I go, And can it be this happy, happy time So soon is over?"

He looked up as though He scarcely understood her hasty words. "What, go?" he said. "Now? — they have come for you Before the week is done! Nay, by the Saints, I cannot let you! — nor my work, nor I, Can spare you yet for many another day! Hold, I will haste to tell the messenger, Leave me to deal with him. I at this moment Happen to come here from my distant home!" And with a merry glance he seized his cap And sped away, while Benedetta stayed, And in the work-room waited his return, In doubt and fear lest he might not prevail, And they be parted after all so soon. — Too soon, oh, all too soon! — For ah, kind Heaven —

He tarried long, she thought, and when at length She heard his step again upon the stair, She hastened out to meet him, anxiously

Searching his face, to swiftly read their fate, And found his beaming eyes lit up with joy. Mutely he twined his arm about her neck, And drew her close to him, and softly asked, "So my sweet Benedetta willingly Stays here with me another little while?" "Oh, gladly, gladly, Sanzio mine!" she whispered, Turning her timid lips to meet his kiss, And fondly pressed her cheek against his own. But in a moment then with clouded brow, — "Yet O my Sanzio, 't is not well, methinks, To thus deceive my mother!"

"Nay, my Saint," He answered gayly, "take no heed for that, And be consoled, I pray you! All the sin Is mine alone, and I, a hardened sinner, Can bear it with my conscience undisturbed! We do not wrong your mother, and sometime I'll make it right, dear Love, with her and Heaven!"

The new brief time of grace Sanzio had gained, — Another week, — rolled by e'en like the first, What though to Benedetta it appeared His labor could have missed her, better far Than he had thought and said. For often now, After he gazed a moment, he would cry, "Fly little bird, I'll work alone awhile!" Yet ever when she had returned from mass, Where she must go to pray with all her soul For the forgiveness of their sin, she said, — Surely she must accept her share of it, Nor let him bear its burden all alone! — And coming to the work-room, softly asked, "My Sanzio, have you need of me to-day?" He answered, "I have need of you, my darling, Ever and ever, — in each hour of day! Come in and sit here with me. Or stand up And walk about, — be mute, or laugh and talk, — Do aught and all as it may please you best, Only be near me somewhere, sunbeam mine, Whose sole, sweet presence helps me!"

So she roamed

Sometimes about the work-room quietly, Looking its hundred treasures o'er again; And sometimes in a corner laughed and played With the dear babe, — that Sanzio sent to fetch On many another day, — and when he tired Rocked him to sleep with a soft lullaby; Or begging Nina for some piece of work, Sat plying her swift needle busily, By the great window gazing on the town, Distant from Sanzio, yet where he could see her, As with a very tyrant's obstinate will He would demand; and ever finely caught Her fleeting mood from him, insensibly Attuning all her being to his own, Silent and grave, or bubbling o'er with sweet Low laughter and gay words, e'en as she read The shifting lights and shades within his soul Reflected on his brow.

One afternoon She stole away, and for an hour or more Showed not her face again, till Sanzio rose To go in search of her, when suddenly He heard the rustle of a heavy robe, And a light laugh close to his ear, and turning, Saw her before him curiously transformed. She stood and swept him a low courtesy, clad In the quaint garb of hundred years ago. A piqued coif upon the delicate head, That scarce seemed strong enough to bear the weight Of the tall, shimmering tower, whence a long veil Flowed down and half concealed the dimpling face And laughing eyes; her slender form encased In a stiff, gorgeous robe of blue and silver, Whose wondrous sleeves hung down so far and wide, They well-nigh touched the pointed, scarlet shoes, Peeping from out the garment's hem.

"My Fawn, How strange you look!" cried Sanzio, laughing too, While yet a deep delight shone in his eyes, "Where found you all this gear?"

"In an old chest In a dark corner of the attic. There Lay these and other pretty things," she said. And he, "Oh yes, I recollect, methinks; They were my great-grandmother's, in her time, And so came down to me."

"I put them on, Though mayhap all awry, for I could find Only the smallest bit of broken glass, That scarcely told if they were right or wrong, — Just for a little sport and to surprise you," She said again. "Nina once gave me leave To stir through everything in all the house, — You are not angry with me, Sanzio mine?" But looking up at him she had no need Of other answer than his silent glance, And went on gayly, "Fancy now I were Some mighty queen!"

And then strode up and down, And as she moved, listened with childlike glee

To the loud rustle of the rich brocade,
And often turned her head to watch the train
Sweep o'er the floor behind her.

"Aye, you know
You are my Queen, whose kingdom is my heart!
But all this finery suits you wondrous well,
You want but these," he said; and as he spoke
Went to a curious casket carved in wood,
That Benedetta long had marveled o'er,
Unlocked it with a twisted silver key,
And took a handful of gemmed trinkets out.
Then hastening to her side again, exclaimed,
"Come sweetest, I will play your maid for once!"
And deftly turning down the yellow lace
That rose up stiffly round the snowy throat,
He would have clasped it with a quaint old necklace
Of dimly shimmering pearl, with here and there
A precious ruby, like a drop of blood,
Set in between; but could not please himself,
And took it off to try another one, —
Plain golden beads, strung on a thread of silk,
But shook his head again, unbound this too,
And laid it down, saying in graver tone,
"Nay, it but breaks the beauteous line! 'T is best
Simply as Nature made it, — let not us
Attempt to mar her fairest handiwork!
But Love, take this, and wear it for my sake,"
He added then, and would have slipped a ring, —
A finely wrought, gold serpent, with bright eyes, —
Upon her finger. But she gently said,
And faintly flushing drew her hand away,
"Nay, Sanzio mine, I will not! I have this,"
Touching a silver circle, plain and old, —
Sanzio had often marked it on her hand, —
"That my poor father gave me long ago,
And need no other!"

"As you will, dear heart!"
He answered, but one moment earnestly
Gazed at her with a puzzled, questioning look.
But suddenly, full of smiling mirth again,
He bowed in mock solemnity, and asked,
"But since I am thus honored, will not now
Your majesty be seated? I must fix
This image, ere it vanish from my sight, —
But this must off!"

He lifted from her head
The heavy coif, then with the words, "Permit
Your happy bond-slave!" led her to a seat,
And tossed the trinkets all into her lap.
"My Princess, pray you look them o'er, at least,
If you'll not kindly take them off my hands,
While I make ready!"

Benedetta passed
The jewels through her fingers; then she thought, —
How sad, oh, how most sad, the form of her,
Who once was gayly decked with these bright things,
Lies crumpled into dust long years ago, —
That the fair eyes, which looked on them with joy,
Are closed and blind in the dark earth forever, —
Oh, may the Saints rest her poor soul in peace!
And suddenly rose, and put the gems away,
While an unwonted shadow lingered still
On the white brow, and in the darkened eyes,
When Sanzio bid her turn and look at him.

(To be continued.)

TOUJOURS PERDRIX.

[The substance of the following article, prepared for the German Press by Prof. Franz Gehring, has appeared in the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Vienna.]

Falstaff. — His thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskillful singer — he kept not time.

Nym. — The good humor is to steal at a minim rest.

Pistol. — Convey, the wise it call; steal! poh, a fico for the phrase.

THE few whose duty or taste it is to collect, or at least acquaint themselves with the constantly accumulating Beethoven literature, must of course include the multitudinous writings — the *toujours perdrix* — of Herr Prof. Ludwig Nohl. They know *ad nau-sean* that gentleman's method of dressing his *perdrix* in all modes; or, to drop the figure, his habit of using the same materials over and over again, in lectures, articles for periodical publications of all sorts, and in volumes made up of such articles. They know also, that, since the publication of Thayer's first and second volumes of his "L. v. Beethoven's Leben," the swarming errors of Herr Nohl's biography of the composer have, in such articles, been silently corrected; and that he (Nohl) rarely if ever loses an opportunity of

referring to his book as the great and sufficient authority upon all that relates to Beethoven's history; and, finally, that he is, to a certain extent, justified in so doing, because, in the notes to his third volume, he has corrected a great number of the errors of the preceding two, besides adding an appendix containing seventy-nine (79) "corrections and verifications," — whence derived the reader is not informed.

It is not asserted, nor even intimated, that all, even of these "corrections and verifications," are conveyed (the wise it call) from Thayer's two volumes; indeed, some are from Nottebohm's writings and perhaps other sources; but this fact is certainly striking and significant: that, of the 79, all but the last two belong in the years covered by those two volumes, and just where Thayer leaves him in the lurch (end of 1806), Herr Nohl's appendix ends.

The well-informed reader knows that hitherto Thayer has taken no notice of these "conveyings"; that Herr Nohl has reviewed the first two volumes of Thayer's work to his heart's content, and that Thayer has not retaliated; and that, in a few instances, in which Thayer has deemed it fitting to speak plainly to him, it has only been when he believed (rightly or wrongly) that truth, justice, and good morals demanded it. It is true, that Thayer has never received a penny in return for all the costs and labor expended upon his four volumes on Beethoven and his works; but as he has not written them for money, if Herr Nohl can improve his *perdrix* by small *conveyings* from them, to his pecuniary benefit — why not? He has a family to support. Had he remained satisfied with simply correcting his previous errors, he might even have "conveyed" a supplemental appendix to his "Beethoven's Leben" from Thayer's new volume, with the same impunity he has enjoyed for a dozen years past.

But, perhaps in consequence of this impunity, he has begun to "convey," as Falstaff says, "too openly," and Thayer's friends, with one voice, now declare that patience has ceased to be a virtue.

The "rock of offense" is a long article in the Berlin *Voss'sche Zeitung* under the heading: "The Last Court Organist of the Electors of Cologne."

As C. G. Neefe was appointed successor to Van den Eeden in 1781, and did succeed him the next year, and held the office until he received his formal dismissal in 1796, from the then fugitive elector, Max Franz, the reader naturally supposes him to be the subject of the article, and is curious to know whether anything is added by Herr Nohl to what Nottebohm and Thayer have printed concerning him; but, no; it is upon one who in 1784 was appointed Neefe's assistant, and who in 1792 left Bonn never to return — Ludwig van Beethoven. So, we find the same old *perdrix* — "Beethoven's youth" — served up again (in the first half of the article), of course with numerous corrections of former errors silently "conveyed" from Thayer. Then comes, however, matter of great interest and value pertaining to the history of the composer's early years, as indeed it must be, since it is copied bodily from an essay written

after long and patient study, and bearing throughout every mark of excellent judgment and singular critical acumen, by Dr. Hermann Deiters (then of Bonn, now director of the Imperial Gymnasium in Posen), and printed in the appendix to Thayer's first volume of his Beethoven Biography. That Dr. Deiters is not named by Herr Nohl need hardly be stated; but he does state in a marginal note whence his "conveyances" are made; in what spirit the reader shall see.

"Ludwig said later," so Herr Nohl *conveys*, "that Pfeiffer was the teacher to whom he in the main owed everything." "So say," remarks Herr Nohl, "the still existing reminiscences of a son of the house in the Rheingasse, who died some fifteen years since — a baker named Fischer, and his sister Cæcilia." The marginal note — to the word "reminiscences" — runs thus: "Formerly in possession of Herr Oberburgmeister Kaufmann in Bonn, and partly published as an appendix to A. W. Thayer's 'Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben' (vol. i., Berlin, 1866), who therefore was as little able to interweave them into his text, as I [Herr Nohl] was in my 'Beethoven's Leben' (vol. i., Leipzig, 1864), so that this sketch [*i. e.*, the article in the *Voss'sche Zeitung*] is in fact the first complete one on the subject."

Peruse that again, reader, and get its full flavor.

Sir Thomas More, in the author's epistle to Peter Giles which precedes the Utopia, speaks of the "advantage that a bald man has, who can catch hold of another by the hair, while the other cannot return the like upon him." He is "safe as it were of gunshot since there is nothing considerable enough to be taken hold of." Now as to dates and facts, "Beethoven's Leben, vol. i., Leipzig, 1864," by Nohl, is, so to say, very "bald-headed." But think of its richness in other respects! — its grandiose dissertations upon the nature of the German mind (*Geist*); upon the Rhinelander, and his love for gormandizing; and upon the Rhine wines; its citations from an article on Beethoven's early years, "written with considerable knowledge of the subject, and, some few errors excepted, worthy of confidence throughout, which appeared in a *Revue Britannique*,¹ not known to Thayer; especially the long passage so flattering to an American upon "the first practical realization of Rousseau's ideas — the first genuine political act of the last century — the Declaration of Independence by the American colonies; and much else, which it never would have occurred to Thayer to weave into a biography of Beethoven. Professor Nohl's force lies, no doubt, in aesthetics. Logic, certainly, is not his strong side; for if the appearance of Dr. Deiters's essay in the appendix to Thayer's volume proves that he could not have woven its substance into his text, *a fortiori*, he could not have known Nohl's "Beethoven's Leben, vol. i., Leipzig, 1864," since neither in text nor in appendix has he "conveyed" (the wise it call) a word of its lofty philosophy and ethnological wisdom. And yet that gentleman cannot have forgotten that to his request for Thayer's opinion of

¹ The joke is, that the article thus eulogized by Nohl was a translation of Thayer's article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1858, printed as original in the *Revue*.

that volume (end of March, 1864), the answer was in substance, that, owing to the very numerous differences in their views and in their presentations of facts, which had struck him in reading it, he felt compelled to subject his manuscript to another thorough revision.

Now for a transient modulation into another key.

In the autumn of 1860 Thayer passed a month or two in Bonn, examining and copying from all the old newspapers, court almanacs, and whatever would throw light upon the lives and times of the Beethovens. Time pressed, and without accomplishing his intended search in the provincial archives at Dusseldorf, he went to Paris, where he lost much time in suing for permission to search the old diplomatic correspondence of the French agents at Bonn — a permission finally refused by Louis Napoleon's minister of foreign affairs. Thence he proceeded to London, where he was received and aided in his researches by Neate, Potter, Sir George Smart, Hogarth (son-in-law of Thomson, and father-in-law of Dickens), Chorley, Lonsdale, — all deceased, not to name the still living, — in a manner which he cannot recall to mind without emotion.

Soon after, an offer of employment at the United States Legation in Vienna compelled him to return thither, without visiting Dusseldorf. Nevertheless, he wrought out the first draft of his first volume, and in 1863 was able to place it wholly or in part in the hands of Dr. von Breuning and other friends for their opinions. It found favor, and its author was pressed on all sides not to delay its publication. Why then did two years pass before it was put into the hands of the translator? Simply because he was unable to return to the Rhine until November, 1864, and then for but fourteen days.

The first object of this journey was of course researches at Dusseldorf, the surprising results of which may be read in the preliminary chapters of the book for which it was undertaken.¹ The wealth of new matter there found detained him until the last moment, and he was obliged to return to Vienna, leaving the second object of the journey unaccomplished. This was no other than the examination of the reminiscences of baker Fischer and his sister Cæcilia!

"Well, thereby hangs a tale," as Dame Quickly says, which may be read in letters written some fourteen months later. "Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down," says Prince Hal to Falstaff.

Thayer's removal to Trieste extinguished the hope of any personal examination of the Fischer papers; but he did not despair that, through his friends and translator in Bonn, they might yet be made of use, even though he was compelled to forward a part of his revised manuscript to Dr. Deiters first. Nor was he mistaken. On the 12th of January, 1866, he received a closely written letter of a dozen pages from Deiters, largely relating to the Dusseldorf documents, and then to the Fischer reminiscences. After a general view of them, and the report of a conversation with Otto Jahn upon them, comes a discussion of

¹ See pages xiv. and xv. of that volume for an account of the noble manner in which Dr. Harless and Dr. Deiters completed the researches for which Thayer's time was too limited.

the use now to be made of them. "You will probably," he writes, "not desire to rewrite these chapters again. I might make such changes in the text as would be needed and insert the new matter; but I might easily make mistakes both in judging of and using it, and the errors would be at your cost. I think, therefore, of again carefully revising the whole and putting it into an appendix, if the plan meets your approval."

Thayer replied: "Your letter is at this moment giving me great delight. I have not finished reading it, but begin the answer, so as at once to reply to the various questions."

There is nothing to the present purpose in the letter, but the pages devoted to the Fischer matter, and two extracts from them are sufficient.

"So poor old Fischer is dead! When I was in Bonn in 1860, I went to the hospital (my note-book says September 15), to see him, but found his reminiscences (oral) of no value. The next day (I think it was) he came to me at Honecker's, dressed in frock (swallow-tail) and white cravat, I think — at all events in great state, poor old devil! — and brought his manuscript with him. I ordered a bottle of good wine and let him warm his heart with it, and meantime looked over the papers. I thought then that one might find hints at information, but did not consider it of *so much* value, as you prove it to be. As the old man demanded three (or was it four?) hundred thaler for it, I dismissed him. My conscience would not allow me to steal its contents, which I might have done, I believe, on pretense of wishing to examine it." "While I was reading this part of your letter, I determined to write you and request you to give this new information in the appendix, and was much pleased when I came to the place where you propose to do this."

Why? First, because of the labor involved in rewriting the chapters in which the new matter belonged; second, because it appeared to be too copious to be inserted there *in extenso*; but principally, because Thayer judged it unfair to deprive Deiters of the full credit of his patient and difficult labor in deciphering, selecting from, and rendering fit for publication these reminiscences.

Is this "plain tale" sufficiently explicit?

During his stay in Bonn in 1860, Thayer usually supped at the Schwann, with Dr. Reifferscheid, now Professor at Breslau, Dr. Binsfeld, now Director of the Imperial Lyceum, Paul Marquand, the learned editor of Aristoxenus, whose early death is so sad a loss to musical science, and other very promising young scholars. Deiters was also occasionally of the party. As Thayer made no secret of his meetings with poor old Fischer, he to this day does not understand how his friend Deiters could have known nothing of the manuscript and have written of it as a new discovery, with the sad effect of leading the unlucky Herr Nohl astray!

The reader will now understand why, for a dozen years past, Deiters and Thayer have read with Homeric laughter that writer's references to the "too late discovery of the Fischer manuscript, portions of which are printed as an Appendix to Thayer's book, and which so cruelly deprived the most laborious researches of nearly twenty years of culture seems to produce for all that is manly

their ultimate value," — whatever this last may mean.

Herr Nohl has amused himself and doubtless his readers, in his reviews of Thayer's first two volumes, by sarcasms upon the painful regard for "dates and facts" exhibited therein, to the neglect of musical criticism, and for good morals, to the neglect of aesthetics. Now, it is in a high degree flattering to that writer to find how great a confidence this same Professor Nohl places in the correctness of those dates and facts, as is proved by the extent to which he "conveys" (the wise it call) them.

Should Thayer live to complete his work, who can say that Nohl may not honor it — as he did Jahn's "Mozart" — by making it the basis of a brand-new biography of Beethoven!

Apollo and Minerva! Thayer's dry, tedious facts and dates illuminated, sublimed, glorified, by Herr Professor Ludwig Nohl's lofty morality and aesthetics! That will not be the old *perdrix*.
That will be a work!

HOMER VERSUS "PINAFORE."

[From the Fortnightly Review.]

OLD HOMER is the very fountain-head of pure poetic enjoyment, of all that is spontaneous, simple, native, and dignified in life. He takes us into the ambrosial world of heroes, of human vigor, of purity, of grace. Now, Homer is one of the few poets the life of whom can be fairly preserved in a translation. Most men and women can say that they have read Homer, just as most of us can say that we have studied Johnson's Dictionary. But how few of us take him up, time after time, with fresh delight! How few have even read the entire Iliad and Odyssey through! Whether in the resounding lines of the old Greek, as fresh and ever-stirring as the waves that tumble on the sea-shore, filling the soul with satisfying, silent wonder at its restless unison; whether in the quaint lines of Chapman, or the clarion couplets of Pope, or the closer versions of Cowper, Lord Derby, of Philip Worsley, or even in the new prose version of the Odyssey, Homer is always fresh and rich. And yet how seldom does one find a friend spell-bound over the Greek Bible of antiquity, while they wade through torrents of magazine quotations from a petty versifier of to-day, and in an idle vacation will graze, as contentedly as cattle in a fresh meadow, through the chopped straw of a circulating library.

A generation which will listen to "Pinafore" for three hundred nights, and will read M. Zola's seventeenth romance, can no more read Homer than it could read a cuneiform inscription. It will read about Homer just as it will read about a cuneiform inscription, and will crowd to see a few pots which probably came from the neighborhood of Troy. But to Homer and the primeval type of heroic man in his beauty, and his simpleness, and joyousness, the cultured generation is really dead, as completely as some spoiled beauty of the ball-room is dead to the bloom of the heather or the waving of the daffodils in a glade. It is a true psychological problem, this nausea which idle

culture seems to produce for all that is manly

and pure in heroic poetry. One knows—at least, every school-boy has known—that a passage of Homer, rolling along in the hexameter, or trumpeted out by Pope, will give one a hot glow of pleasure and raise a finer throb in the pulse; one knows that Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets; that the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first—and yet we find ourselves (we are all alike) painfully pushing over some new and uncut barley-sugar in rhyme, which a man in the street asked us if we had read, or it may be some learned lucubration about the site of Troy by some one we chanced to meet at dinner. It is an unwritten chapter in the history of the human mind, how this literary prudence after new print unmans us for the enjoyment of the old songs chanted forth in the sunrise of human imagination. To ask a man or woman who spends half a lifetime in sucking magazines and new poems to read a book of Homer would be like asking a butcher's boy to whistle "Adelaide." The noises and sights and talk, the whirl and volatility of life around us, are too strong for us. A society which is forever gossiping in a sort of perpetual "drum" loses the very faculty of caring for anything but "early copies" and the last tale out. Thus, like the tares in the noble parable of the sower, a perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world.

HOW THE FRENCH LEARN TO ACT.

[From the London Times.]

We have seen that every French boy or girl who has a taste for the stage may get a thorough training at the Conservatoire. The next step of the aspirant is, properly speaking, no step at all; it is a bound. He may pass from the Conservatoire to one of the state theatres—perhaps to the Français—from school to the first theatre in the world. This last is, of course, a reward of very high merit in the classes, as revealed in the public competitions of the students before the élite of the critical society of Paris. The great point to bear in mind is that, whatever the promotion, it is but another stage of the teaching. The French actor is in a sense *in statu pupillari* to the end of his days. He is coached at the Français as he was coached at the Conservatoire; only at the theatre he gets his lesson from the collective body of his comrades, instead of a single professor. It is a kind of teaching by universal suffrage. There is no such thing recognized as a man's right to a part, to make or mar at his pleasure. He holds it in trust only for the rest of the members of the company, and he is bound in some sort to administer the trust in accordance with their interests and wishes—at least with their judgment in respect of its tendency to promote the success of the performance as a whole.

Nothing can exceed the thoroughness of the rehearsals at the Français. Most of the pieces there are old ones long in the *répertoire*, yet when they are in course of revival each actor seems to adopt the useful assumption that he has never seen them before. The pieces less known are labored with incessant care. "Ruy Blas," just reproduced, was rehearsed for six or eight weeks. It was first taken act by act, a day for each, over and over again; then came a series of full rehearsals of the entire play without stage costume; then a grand dress rehearsal. It

played on the first night just as though it had had a month's run. No wonder—it had really had a run of nearly two, with closed doors.

I went to see one of these rehearsals of "Ruy Blas," without making any choice. It happened to be the third act. On quitting the daylight of the wings for the twilight of the stage—it was about three on a winter afternoon,—I, as a visitor, had first to pay my respects to the company. I accordingly crossed from left to right to reach rude tent of canvas on the stage, a sort of portable green-room, where the ladies sat in safe shelter from the draughts to wait for their calls. Here I found, among others, Mlle Sarah Bernhardt and the aged lady companion who is always by her side. In another tent, quite close to the foot-lights—in fact, just behind the prompter's box, and therefore commanding a view of the whole stage—sat Got, who was superintending the rehearsal. In front of him, and near the left-centre entrance, was the well-known council table of the third act, garnished with greedy lords whose monopolies devour the substance of Spain. A lamp in each tent and one in the prompter's box burned dimly in the *demi-jour*.

This was an ordinary rehearsal, and the company was in ordinary dress. Sarah Bernhardt wore a jacket to shield her from the cold of the stage. Febvre (*Don Salluste*) carried his great coat over his arm, rather, as it turned out, as a property than for any other use. The only approach to stage costume was in the broad Spanish hat with a drooping plume worn by Mounet-Sully (*Ruy Blas*). The contrast between that and his frock-coat and the rest would have been striking enough if one had had the leisure to attend to it. These three—Febvre, Mounet-Sully, and Sarah Bernhardt (who of course plays the *Queen*)—are the leading personages of the present cast, and the third act they are rehearsing is about the best in the play.

The rehearsal had begun, but it had been interrupted for a few moments by my entry. I came in, therefore, only for the fag end of that squabble of the corrupt councillors for place and pay which winds up with a friendly distribution of the monopolies on tobacco, salt, negroes, arsenic, ice, and musk. They are disturbed by *Ruy Blas*, who has overheard them, and who delivers the well-known grand tirade on ministerial jobbing, one of the finest that even Victor Hugo ever wrote. Mounet's

Charles-Quint! dans ces temps d'opprobre et de terreur,
Que fais-tu dans ta tombe, ô puissant empereur?

was a perfect vocal detonation; it positively shook the hat in my hand. Got stopped him at once from the prompt-box tent:

"I should certainly say that in a different style. It is a solemn invocation; it requires a change of voice."

"I am quite of your way of thinking," said a gray-haired gentleman who had just joined him from the wing. It was M. Perrin, the administrator of the company, who holds one of the most envied offices in France. He is about as highly salaried as any English prime minister, and in governing the Théâtre Français he holds a post which most of his countrymen think fully equal in dignity to the governing of a department of state. "I am quite of your way of thinking," repeated M. Perrin:

It was a timely reinforcement; for, as it proved, the two together were hardly an overmatch for Mounet mounted on the hobby of this particular inflection. The rehearsal was suspended for a quarter of an hour, while they fought the point. There was a world-wide of critical acumen—I will not say wasted on it, more especially as I mean just the opposite thing—on either side.

"It is a call to wake the Emperor from his death-sleep," said Mounet; "it must be loud."

"It is a reverent appeal," said Got.

"It is almost as solemn as an act of religion," said Perrin.

"I assure you I cannot see it in that light," answered Mounet-Sully. "For me it is a passionate call to the shade of the Emperor."

"But you do not expect to wake the man up, —voilà," said Got.

"Well, try it again," said Perrin.

Mounet-Sully returned to his starting point, and in an instant he was off at the old rate of initial velocity. The windows in the place must have rattled if one had been near enough to hear them.

They stopped him again. It was quite a struggle à la *Française*,—obstinate insistence on both sides, tempered in its severity by the use of the forms of good breeding. It was evident to any one knowing something of the personal history of the company that what was now going forward was but a continuation of a very long struggle on the part of the seniors to repress the exuberant vivacity of this fiery youngster,—at once the glory and the reproach of their company. At length the contest comes to an end: Mounet lowers his sword—that is to say, his tone—and pronounces the passage in something like the required manner, although occasional flashes show that the level earth on which he now condescends to tread is still undermined with fire.

In what other theatre in the world—in what other company—would a theatrical star of this magnitude bear correcting in his course in this way?

Now it will soon be the turn of the concealed Queen to step forth from behind the arras and announce herself to *Ruy Blas*. The superb Sarah accordingly quits her tent to place herself in very visible hiding, "R. 2 E." Then her voice is heard, deep and sweet, with twice as much meaning in its lowest tones as in its highest:

"O, merci!"

Ruy Blas—Ciel! (It is a start of surprise, and, as we may imagine, he is perfect here.)

La Reine—Vous avez bien fait de leur parler ainsi.

Je n'y puis résister, duc; il faut que je serre
Cette loyale main si ferme et si sincere!

She darts out her hand, extending the arm at full length—a gesture peculiar to her in private life as on the stage. She always shakes hands in that way.

Got—I don't like that. You only give him your hand; you ought to take his.

Sarah Bernhardt—I think my way is better; there is more *netteté* in the action.

She probably means that it is more statuesque, as it certainly is, but is perhaps unwilling to use an illustration from her favorite art. Her acting has always shown that she has a keen sense of the beauty of pose. She gets the full plastic as well as histrionic value of a situation.

Perrin—But what does your text say? Look at the stage direction. Reads:—

"She advances rapidly, and takes his hand before he can prevent her."

Sarah Bernhardt [laughing].—Very well, then; give me your hand. (Mounet-Sully suffers her to take it.)

Got [to Perrin]—I think just where he wants most energy he shows the least. [To Mounet]—Your own movements there should be as quick and decided, as full of nervous energy as hers.

Mounet-Sully—Let me alone for the present. I have my own very decided opinion about this scene. I will give it you by and by.

The Queen goes on to tell him how she has

admired his superb indignation in the scene with the rapacious courtiers. How comes he to be able to speak as kings only ought to speak — to be so terrible, so god-like, so grand?

Ruy — It springs from love of thee. In serving Spain I serve the Queen. Thy image lends me strength!

Strengthened by love, I am all powerful!

I love thee! — hear me out. Thou art another's — A king's — though not his bride, his bride-elect. I know it; knowing it, have shunned thy presence, Still loving while I shunned it. I have loved thee As the mariner the star that guides him home; A distant homage and an awestruck worship. Though low to thee as is the earth from heaven, I loved thee as the blind might love the light He never hoped to look on!

And all uttered — how do you think (by Mount, above all)? — as gently as the roaring of a sucking dove.

Got (decisively) — It will never do.

Perrin (as decisively) — It will never do.

Sarah Barnhardt — It will spoil the whole scene.

Mount-Sally — Yet that is how I read it, I assure you. He is overpowered at the thought of his own presumption; he is an earthworm raising his head to heaven.

Got — But he does not think of that while he is raising it. *Voyons!* what excuse does he give the woman for loving him by meeting her in that timid style?

Mount-Sally — I know it has never been done in that way before. That is one reason the more for doing it. It gives a new sense to the passage, and, as I think, a truer one.

Sarah B. [laughingly] — I do not think I can possibly dare to love you if you do not set me a better example. Remember the Queen wants encouragement as much as *Ruy Blas*, and who is to give it her if he fails?

Got — I should certainly deliver it in the most thrilling accents of passion.

Mount-Sally — Like this, you mean (giving an example in his first manner, the only other one he has).

Got, Perrin, Sarah B. — Exactly!

Mount-Sally [impatiently, and with mutterings that may mean anything] — But surely you must see how false it is to have him so glib of tongue. I really cannot change it in that way. I wish I could; but you must allow me to be obstinate on this one point. I cannot see it in any other light.

Got [disconsolately] — Very well, then, if you cannot see it.

Rehearsal resumed as follows, to quote still further from the translation, which so pleasantly relieves me of all responsibility:

Exit Queen by the same entrance she came on at, r. 2. E. Ruy (after a pause). Can it — can it be real? Loved, and by her! 'Tis so!

O Paradise, that opens to my eyes,

And steals my soul in love's profound repose!

Loved — happy — powerful! Duke d'Olmedo!

Spain at my feet! Its honor in my hands —

My country's honor! Teach me, O Heaven,

How to be worthy of my task! Make me

Worthy to offer her a shield and sword —

The Queen my arm, the woman my devotion!

Perrin — Very fine. Bravo! Only I beg to observe that you are too far up the stage if you mean to be heard by the whole house.

Mount-Sally — I must begin here.

Perrin — But you need not finish. I should like to see more movement during the monologue (in the original a rather long one). I do not think he could stand still while he delivered it.

Enter Febvre, as *Salluste*, to surprise *Ruy Blas*: "Bonjou!" tapping him on the shoulder.

Ruy Blas — Good heaven! I am lost! The Marquis.

Will it be believed that the discussion of this single entry occupies them the better part of an hour? Febvre, Mount-Sally, Sarah Bernhardt, Perrin, Got, all taking part in it, and with the

liveliest interest, often all talking together. The first entry is from the centre, — *Ruy Blas* standing in soliloquy conveniently near, — his master tapping him on the shoulder, then crossing to the council-table, throwing down his cloak, and taking a seat to meet his astonished stare. "Will it be better to do that," says Febvre, "or to take one's seat first; without tapping him on the shoulder at all, and then confront him with the *bonjour*, — making that the 'tap' so to speak?" He tries it, and they are unanimously of opinion that it would not be better. "How would it be to throw the cloak to him to hold?" says Sarah Bernhardt. "No," says Perrin, "you discount your effect of the handkerchief later on, which is a much better one." "Would you have him at the centre of the stage or near the wing?" That is the fourth proposition, and I really forget the other.

And all that I have seen to-day is less than a thirtieth part of the declamatory preparation for one piece. Yet we wonder by what magic, by what happy gift of nature, precluding the necessity of labor, the French have become the first actors of the world.

LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

II.

VASSAR COMMENCEMENT, PICTURES, AND PHYSICS.—DER FREYSCHÜTZ AND CASPAR'S KILL.—OPEN-AIR STUDIES.

DEAR MR. DWIGHT, — Like a great many other people, I was carried away, towards the end of June, by the flood of oratory, prophecy, white muslin and music that sweeps over the land periodically, "for a few days only," in waves of broiling midsummer weather, and, deserting the island, I attended the celebration of commencement at Vassar, and survived the rendering of many brilliant essays, delivered by charming young women, each one of whom seemed to have passed through ages of extraordinary experience in a score or so of years, and who convinced every man present that he didn't know much in general about anything in particular. And one evening there was a promenade concert on the lawn, with calcium lights creating picturesque effects on the sward and evergreens, when everything would have been delightful with the additional charm of the presence of a few absent friends. The resonance of Gilmore's brass band from the tribune outside, with the lofty college walls behind as sounding-board, was admirable. Among the selections played was a good arrangement from *Der Freyschütz*, an opera, the woodland melodies and pastoral character of which are so admirably adapted to out-door performance.

The beautiful aria sung by Max (arranged for the band), with the ominous kettle-drum beat, and double-bass *pizzicati* that announce the coming of the demon Samiel, draped in the bat-like folds of his scarlet cloak, was so suggestive of romantic witchery, that I should not have been astonished had the goddess Fauna rushed over the meadows with her host, or the Wild Huntsman swept through the sky, followed by his tumultuous spectral train, or had the ghost of Caspar, that lyric Iago, stood before me in the moonlight, in dark green hunting dress, a sardonic smile on his pale face, a hooting owl on his shoulder, surrounded by a pallid greenish light, and a circle of fiery skulls. Mill-cove Lake, on the college grounds, is chiefly fed by Vassar creek, originally termed Caspar's kill. Now who and what was the Caspar that baptized it? Some dull, but honest and industrious Dutch farmer? Or was it the direful, artful,

diabolically interesting Caspar of Von Weber and his poet, Kind? The original Free shooter legend is to be found in the *Gespensterbuch* of 1810; but after all, it is barely possible that Caspar was not shot by the enchanted bullet with which he intended to ruin his confiding friend Max; perhaps he escaped to America, and lived happily ever after, and died in the odor of sanctity peacefully in his bed, on the banks of the kill that for some time bore his name. But if his ghost had appeared on that evening, the lake fed by Caspar's kill would have been a capital place for him to disappear in, faintly illuminated by glimpses of the crescent moon, and veiled by fitful shadows from the willow, chestnut, and maple boughs, while the owls in the museum might have flapped their wings and hooted a phantom "uhui," as in the bullet-casting scene of the haunted Wolf's Glen.

Messrs. Matthew and John Guy Vassar have lately presented ten thousand dollars to the College, to be used in erecting a new chemical laboratory on the grounds (in place of the old one within the large building), which, it is expected, will be ready next autumn for the use of the professor of chemistry and physics, Le Roy C. Cooley, Ph. D., a gentleman as able in his professional as he is estimable in his private character. The Messrs. Vassar, having thus displayed so much generosity, and being engaged, besides, in planning the erection of a home for old men in Poughkeepsie, imagination runs riot as to what is to come next. Some fancy it will be a new gymnastic hall, strong, rustic, and picturesque, under cover, yet open to the air when needed, with a heating apparatus for winter, and a solid yet elastic floor. More contemplative minds revel in the idea of cloisters for the studios, in the Anglo-Norman style, — one so suitable for modern educational or ecclesiastical buildings, and not out of harmony with that of the college, — perhaps with tiled floors, vaulted roofs, and stained-glass windows alternating with open arches through which the rose and honeysuckle may swing and sway their fragrant chalices! *Chateaux en Espagne!* And yet, perhaps not.

The advantages of the school for drawing and painting, and the art gallery, at Vassar, have been lately described as follows, in a local paper, by a gentleman familiar with the subject: —

The art department of Vassar College is presided over by Professor Henry Van Ingen, a native of Holland, whose works in the line of his profession have occasionally appeared on exhibition at the Academy of Design in New York, and in other noted collections. One of his master pieces, the Golden Headed Eagle, hangs in the art gallery, and is very much admired.

The art gallery contains numerous specimens of painting in oil, and in water-color, and also in fine pencil and crayon sketches, besides the extensive collection of sun pictures, consisting of some three to four thousand copies of the best works of art to be found in Europe, selected by the Rev. J. L. Corning, now of Stuttgart, in Germany.

There are in the Magon collection specimens of portraiture, landscape, marine views, architecture, — exteriors and interiors, — flowers, fruits, real and fancy subjects, single and composite, ancient and modern; copies of many celebrated paintings by the old masters, and many valuable originals by distinguished modern artists. Among the copies of the old masters is the large one from Raphael, hanging at the south end of the gallery, which cost the generous founder \$4000. This and three others were purchased in Rome by Dr. Jewett, the first President of the College.

Besides the paintings, there is in the gallery a choice collection of casts in plaster, representing some of the most celebrated statuary of Greece and Rome, and some of the best works of modern sculptors.

But what unheard-of audacity, to speak of the advantages elsewhere in America than in Boston, of the study of the arts of design, to a Bostonian? Have you not your own galleries and private collections, and studios and art schools, your museum of the fine arts, and normal art school, and schools industrial and otherwise, for wood-carving, and modelling, and decorative painting and embroidery, etc., etc.? And poet-painters, and

musical painters, and painters *par excellence*, and Mr. Hunt, that faithful disciple of the noble Cousteau?

And why linger longer with echoes and representations, while the lovely original, Nature herself, in the rich, ripe, glowing beauty of summer weather, laughs, weeps, sings, blushes, frowns, sighs, beckons, through all the endless changes and seeming caprices of transition? Only here, in the open air, may the artist now truly study, observe, enjoy, absorb, the thousand transient yet immortally enduring influences of the great mother and mistress of all great art, with the *abandon* of complete repose and confidence. Perhaps he seeks that inspiration, and yet repose, in some sunny glade where the daisies and buttercups dip and rise in waves of white and yellow, and the wild rose eglantine twines her delicate pink flowers amid the elder-bushes, and the maple spreads its deep green masses of shadow overhead, and glimpses of the far-off purple hills appear between the parted boughs of oak or maple; or on the firm, pebbled, tawny beach, amid the vast spaces of the gray-blue atmosphere, while the dark blue, foam-fringed sea throbs as if with the palpitations of a Titan heart, and clouds are scurrying landward, and a brisk wind blows in the ships with their swelling sails; and if he be an islander, his yearning for the sea is, for a moment, satisfied; forgotten, for a little while, is the ever-present remembrance of the poignant home-sickness for that great, beguiling, terrible source of strength, and love, and beauty, which no after influence can erase from the soul that has once been smitten with the spell of its vital power! Or perhaps, like some pious solitary, the painter observes atmospheric effect, the musician seeks to evolve the mysteries of harmony, on some mountain that seems to command vast distance, amid a silence unbroken save by the ethereal voice of the hermit-thrush, or the long swell of the ceaselessly rushing wind, where he experiences an impression akin to that awakened within us when listening to the introduction to *Lohengrin*. He dreams, perhaps, like Wagner, of some ideal, pearly, mystic sanctuary, such as that of the Holy Grail, reflected in opaline waters, overshadowed by iridescent clouds; he feels that pure and yet voluptuous sensation which is felt on very great heights, when the mind is plunged in the reveries of absolute solitude, and yet aware of an infinite horizon, an intense, ardent, yet almost colorless light. And how deep is the witchery of music, when it wakens in the bosom of a shadow-haunted glen, over whose rocky walls a forest fountain falls, while, from wood and water, resounds the deep, deep F, the ground-bass of nature, and all the sweet, organic, supernatural forces seem revealing themselves to us in that undertone; or when song rises from a little boat, rocking under a branching willow,—

The willow tree is the gypsy tree,
And therefore 'tis the tree for me,
As I love the dusky Rommany,

and then dies away in silence, while the sinking sun trumpets forth red flourishes on every side; green grows empurpled, on the horizon bursts a great harmonious glow, its echoes, orange, saffron, rose, a score of melting tints, are chased away by faint blue shadows; lines tremble, color flies, lost, embraced in the mystery of night; a vaporous veil covers all things with one exquisite, uniform transparency; the crescent moon rises, stars tremble with a glance that seems not ignorant of tears; then, should the voice of song arise again,—some naïve or passionate folk-song, or an art-song, the aspiration of some exceptional poet-heart,—we are touched with so rich, so full, and yet so pathetic a sense of the possibilities of an existence too blest to be experienced

on this planet, that we long to break from earth forever here and now! But, with the inconsistency and contradiction of human nature, scenes of melancholy and ruined beauty awaken cheerful thoughts by way of compensation; and, as is just possible, a letter written on a sunken gravestone by the Lido, or dated from a balcony on the grand canal of the Aphrodite of Italian cities, Venice, may be a very gay epistle from

Yours faithfully, F. R. R.
JULY.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

H. M. S. PINAFORE.

Is it not about time that we should say a word or two about this all-pervading, all-prevailing, most amusing, and extremely clever little operetta? If we have not thought it necessary for us to praise what all the world was praising, it was not from any want of interest in the pretty thing. We have been to see and hear it more times than we dare to name; we have spent pretty freely of our time and our spare (in the sense of meagre) cash upon it, both for our enjoyment and that of younger people, without whom we should not have yielded to the attraction quite so often. We certainly should not have done so had we not enjoyed it. But to an editor there is a sort of luxury, which we, in this case, felt inclined to hug and make the most of, in standing for once in a wholly unofficial, unprofessional relation, either as editor or critic, toward the musico-dramatic phenomenon of the day—a very long day too! Indeed, it doth enhance the charm of music not to feel obliged to write about it; and yet in the end one feels the obligation all the more.

The first thing to remark about this joint product of the wit and genius of Messrs. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, is its wonderful, its perhaps unexampled popular success. The immense run it has had in England is eclipsed by its universal vogue in every theatre, both great and small, of the United States. Hundreds of companies, professional and amateur, have been acting and singing it. In the great cities Pinafore has held the stage in half a dozen theatres at once. When we first saw it at the Boston Museum, whence it started on its rounds, we enjoyed it as a pretty, unpretending, fresh, amusing, harmless little thing, easily appreciated, full of pleasant humor, and of melodies of a quite catching sort, yet not flat, commonplace, or namby-pamby,—never vulgar. Closer attention revealed fine musicianship, rich, fascinating, delicate orchestration; everything was characteristic: the mock solemnity of imitated classic recitative, the graceful solos, and the well-constructed duets, trios, choruses, and ensembles; and all felicitously close to the meaning and the rhythm of the half serious, half funny words. Then, too, the mere finding of so clever a performance where you would hardly have supposed it possible, all from the resources of the stock acting company of the little theatre, and finding it so much better than it pretended to be, apparently, lent a peculiar zest to the whole thing. Singing and orchestra were in the main more than passable, in spite of drawbacks, such as the transferring of the tenor part of the hero to a soprano; the acting, too, was good, that of Mr. Wilson, as the K. C. B. inimitable.

Then came a New York company with it to the Gaiety, with several artists for singers, particularly a tenor able to cope with the quite formidable music of the part. When it was announced that there was to be an "ideal" performance of Pinafore in the vast Boston Thea-

tre, and that the unpretending, pretty thing was to be given on a grand scale by the most famous and accomplished of our native singers, we were at first mistrustful of the policy; it seemed like overdoing it, and running it into the ground. But even through that magnifying glass it bore the test, and it took many weeks to satisfy the eager crowds. Since then it has been served up in every theatre and hall; church choirs go about the country singing it; every child sings or hums it; the tuneful images repeat themselves, as in a multiplying mirror, from every wall, through every street and alley. The "craze" is general, and some begin to talk about the nuisance of having to hear music "on compulsion," whether you will or not. We are as easily bored as any one, and shrink from what is commonplace and hackneyed; but when we think how many more pretentious bores and vulgarities under the name of music haunt the air and ruthlessly besiege all sensitive ears, we are easily reconciled to innocent and thoughtless snatches from the Pinafore, which have not the exasperating quality of say "gems" from *Il Trovatore*, and many more high-sounding operatic titles.

But to complete the history of this march of progress, we should speak of the most unique and beautiful of all these presentations, namely, the Children's Pinafore, now in its tenth week at the Museum. But that deserves to be a subject by itself. It is too full of matter for feeling and reflection, too suggestive, say of ideal possibilities in the direction of æsthetic, rhythmic, and harmonic social culture, which may supplement the common education of the children of the republic, realizing perhaps the Greek idea with far greater means for it than the Greeks possessed or knew; that it would be useless to begin to treat the subject here. We do not advocate the *professional* and absorbing employment of young children in such histrionic occupation; yet as we witness it, it looks entirely innocent and happy; and so it suggests the question whether, in a healthier way, as an element in the general culture of the young, the talent which responds so richly and spontaneously in hosts of children in this beautiful experiment may not be turned to excellent advantage. We wonder whether such a thing could have been made so signal success in any place but Boston, and whether it may not fairly be regarded as a legitimate outgrowth from our common schools, with the attention paid in them to music and the training of the eye and hand in drawing.—But of this another time.

Now this amazing popularity of the Pinafore is something significant. It is easily accounted for. In the first place it indicates a general longing for some artistic entertainment which shall be at once readily appreciable, light, and humorous, yet graceful, clean, and innocent, combining real charms of music, witty poetry, and action. And all this the work supplies. It is extravagant, yet not devoid of sense and meaning. It is fascinating, piquant, and exciting; yet not sensational, in the sense of the modern French novels which appeal to the same taste that finds fascination in a public execution; it is sensuous and highly colored, but not sensual. It is cleverer than the French *Opéra Bouffe*, and doubtless has done much to drive out and occupy the place of that unclean drama of *Silenus*. Musically and dramatically, or even farcically, it is a thousand times better and more entertaining than those extravaganzas of the "Evangeline" stamp, stuffed full of flat inanities and fly-blown with puns too poor to raise a laugh. In short, though it is but a trifle if you will, it is an artistic, a truly humorous, a musical trifle. It took an artist, a man of some creative faculty, each in his own sphere, to compose it. The music, it is found, wears well; the last hearing is pretty sure

to reveal in it some new trait of beauty and of subtlety, some nice orchestral effect, some exquisite fitness of sound to sense. And the libretto! — It is so good, so felicitous a hit of genius in its way, that one will find it in vain to try to alter or improve upon it; every phrase and every word stands once for all, like the song that sang itself. Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert are to be congratulated on such joint authorship. They are proving themselves the world's benefactors; long may they continue in the good work, and find the next effort more remunerative to themselves!

In saying all this we do not shut our eyes to a more serious side of the question about this Pinafore "craze," — a view well presented by a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, from whom we copy elsewhere, under the title "Homer vs. Pinafore." While we rejoice that the popular craving for light and entertaining music and scenic action should be met for once by something pure and harmless, something truly musical and truly witty, it must at the same time be admitted that, from the point of view of deep and earnest culture, this cheap idolatry betrays a rather superficial, indolent condition of the general mind. All the earnestness of life being monopolized and taxed to the utmost by life's groveling material necessities and business competitions, it follows naturally that all the reaction toward the free ideal life of art and joy should seek that entertainment which costs no thought, no effort to understand and to appreciate. As it is we must have entertainment; most people are not equal, and few people at all times, to Homer, Dante, or even Shakespeare, or to *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, or Gluck's *Orfeo*. If they must have plays and music which are light, what a godsend is a thing so innocent, so genial, so charming, and so satisfactory in its way as "H. M. S. Pinafore!" We do not say it is a great work. That could only be said ironically.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, JULY 10. — On Thursday evening, June 26, the "Abt Society" gave its last concert for the season, presenting a programme of four-part music. The selections were from Hatton, Gould, Storch, Schubert, Adam, Abt, Kreutzer, and Mohr. They had the assistance of Miss Mantey, violinist, and Miss Arabella Root, a New York soprano. The lady vocalist has not the voice or method for a concert singer, and in her selections added little to the enjoyment of the evening. The programme of the society, however, did not furnish music worthy of the talent and vocal proficiency of the singers, for they are capable of doing greater works, and it almost seems a waste of time and energy for them to devote their powers to simple four-part songs. Of course with beautiful voices, used with refined and tasteful expression, they have been able to give much pleasure to their audiences during the past season; but I trust that their next series of concerts will contain larger and more important works, and choruses that are more worthy of their study and performance. They need a director who will have a positive aim in this particular, and who will not be content until a greater progress has been made toward reaching the highest position that a musical organization of this character can take. A programme may be made pleasing to an audience, and yet contain only good music; and it is a false idea that regards "popularity" as the only test by which an art work should be judged. What is good in music may be made popular if well performed, and by true interpretations brought to the comprehension of the people. We observe the truthfulness of this statement, in the fact that a number of classical works have been made popular, even in the common acceptance of the word. Beethoven's Sonata, called the "Moonlight," Op. 27, has been played so often, in private and public, that every note in the composition is known to large numbers of musical people in every city in the land. This is but an example of how popularity and true art may exist as co-ordinate factors for the advancement of culture. Novelty may excite a passing interest in the multitude, but only a thorough acquaintance with a work can give complete satisfaction.

I had the pleasure of hearing a remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's C-minor Concerto, with a Cadenza by Reinecke, by a child of thirteen years, a pupil of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn. This young girl, Miss Alice Guggenheim, possesses a remarkable talent for music, and although she has only been under the instruction of her present teacher for

two years, has made herself acquainted with a large number of classical works, which she plays with the finish and interpretation of an experienced player. Her touch is firm, and her technique advanced to no small degree of proficiency, while her insight into the real expression and intent of a composition is quite wonderful for her years. If she is allowed to mature slowly, and is advanced in her art by the quiet yet sure pathway that modestly leads up to true excellence, by years of well-directed study, it is my opinion that she will reach a high rank as a pianist. The bud of promise must be protected from the dangerous breath of flattery, if a rich maturity of bloom is to be reached; for many a child of great talent has been retarded in development, by a mistaken direction that forces young natures to the capricious influence that comes from public appearances. Young natures, rich in talent, with every healthy indication of reaching a high rank in the artistic world, must have the most wise direction, if the innocence of a true ambition is not to be turned into a self-retarding vanity that destroys all noble advancement. Even the movements of a great genius must be directed by the wisdom of reason, if the highest point of attainment is to be reached. A brief reflection on the laws of progress, as their workings are manifested in the history of the past, will doubtless prove to the reader the truth of this statement.

I mentioned in one of my former notes that we had great need of some orchestral organization that should have for its purpose the advancement and development of a good orchestra in our city. A society called "The Philharmonic" has been formed, embracing in its membership the leading teachers and musicians of Chicago, which has this aim in view. The society has made a constitution, which states that the purposes of the organization are for the good of the musical art as a whole, and not for the advancement of any person or persons, and it undertakes to give symphony concerts each season, also to support chamber music, and aims at holding triennial festivals some time in the future. This union of the musical elements in our city, if well supported by a liberal financial aid from the music lovers, ought to be able to place the orchestra on a permanent footing, as well as give a greater advancement to the musical art than it has ever had before in Chicago. Each city in our country should advance its home culture in music, so as to be independent of the money-making organizations that pay flying visits for love of gain.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews directs a Musical Normal School at his home in Evanston, Ill. The advanced circular gives a fine list of teachers, and embraces a course of study that has a most positive aim, and of a higher order than is usual in institutions of this character. Piano-forte and song recitals, with excellent programmes, and lectures on music-teaching, and the voice, furnish the student with the opportunity for extending his musical knowledge in no small degree.

C. H. B.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JULY 11. — The ninth Saengerfest of the Northwestern Saengerbund was held here June 26-30. Four concerts were given, of which the programmes were as follows :

I.

1. Overture to Freischütz Weber.
2. Speeches by the President of the Milwaukee Singing Society, Mr. John C. Ludwig, and Mayor Black.
3. Wickinger Balk 15. Sung from Tegner's "Frithiof Saga," Joseph Panny.
- Male Chorus, Tenor Solo and Orchestra. Tenor, Mr. Jacob Beyer.
4. Soprano Aria from "Faust," Spohr. Miss Lizzie Murphy.
5. Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn.
6. (a) "Three Fishers went Sailing" Goldbeck.
- (b) "Calm Sea" Rubinstein.
- (c) "Ave Maria" Abt.
- Male Chorus and Tenor Solo. Arion Society. Tenor, Mr. Jacob Beyer.
7. "Stay with Me," Soprano Solo Abt. Mme. Florence Forbes.
8. Cornet Solo, "Fantasie Caprice" Hartmann. Mr. H. N. Hutchins
9. "The Wedding of Thetis" Dr. Carl Löwe. Arrangement of a Cantata from "Iphigenie in Aulis." By the Full Male and Mixed Chorus.

II.

1. Overture, "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage," Mendelssohn.
2. "My Fatherland" Appel.
- Northwestern Saengerbund.
3. Scena and Prayer from "Freischütz" Weber.
- Mme. M. Rounge-Jancke.
4. Violin Solo, "Fantasie de Faust" Wieniawsky. Mr. A. Rosenbecker.
5. "The Hero's Resurrection." Male Chorus, with Orchestra Fromm.
- Northwestern Saengerbund.
6. "Phæton." Symphonic poem Saint-Saëns.
7. Prize Singing. By the Societies.
8. "The Message," Tenor Solo Blumenthal. Mr. Charles A. Knorr.

9. "The Watch on the Rhine" Wilhelm. Northwestern Saengerbund.

III.

1. Symphony in C minor Beethoven.
2. Soprano Solo, "Erl King" Schubert. Mme. M. Rounge-Jancke.

Goldmark.

3. "Bride's Song and Serenade." Orchestra. Mr. Charles A. Knorr.
4. "Thou Everywhere." Tenor, with Flute and Piano obligato Lachner.

Mr. A. Rosenbecker.

5. Solo for Violin. Fantasie Vieuxtemps. Mr. A. Rosenbecker.
6. Scena and Aria for Baritone, from "The Night in Granada" Kreutzer.

Mr. A. Waldorf.

7. "Ritt der Walküren" R. Wagner.

IV.

1. Symphony in B minor Fr. Schubert.
2. Aria for Soprano, "Marriage of Figaro" . . . Mozart. Mme. Rounge-Jancke.

W. Sturm.

3. "The Last Skald." Male Chorus, with Orchestra Saengerbund.

Beethoven.

4. "Adelaide," Tenor Solo Mr. Charles A. Knorr.
5. Overture, "Euryanthe" C. M. von Weber.

R. Wagner.

6. Scene from "Tannhäuser," with Orchestra. By the Various Societies.

7. Serenade, for Baritone Lachner. A. Waldorf.

8. "When the Swallows," etc. Abt.

Saengerbund.

The choruses were almost all of a light and popular character, the festival being intended, apparently, for social enjoyment, without too great strain on the intellect or emotions. The choruses were all very well sung, the Arion Club doing the best work, however. They sang with admirable finish.

The solo singing compared, in the main, very favorably with the chorus performance. Miss Murphy deserves special commendation for the purity and nobility of her style, and Mme. Rounge-Jancke for the dramatic fire with which she delivered the "Erl-King."

Mr. Rosenbecker makes a thin tone, lacking in breadth and power. His execution is not bad, and he seems to be a very good violinist.

By far the most important work of the festival was done by the orchestra, under Chr. Bach's direction. He had enlarged his own band by adding eight or ten men, making forty-two in all, and by dint of vigorous and careful rehearsal brought them into excellent condition. Of course the horns were more or less uncertain, and the flutes sometimes played out of tune, especially in the lower notes; but the performance was, on the whole, very good indeed.

The St. Cecilia Society, an association of Catholic Choirs, held a two days' convention here, beginning June 30. I give only one of their programmes, the only one I heard. The best singing was that of the Palestrina Society, of St. John's Cathedral here. This Society is under the direction of Prof. William Mickler, and is now in excellent condition, well-balanced, and sings with purity of intonation, precision of attack, and good light and shade. This programme probably closes the record of serious musical work for the season:

Offertory. "Lætentur Cœli," 5 mixed voices.

Rev. Dr. Witt.

Choirs of Detroit and Kenosha.

"Ave Maria," 4 mixed voices . . . G. Arcadelt (1600).

Palestrina Society, Milwaukee.

Response. "Acceptim Simeon," 6 mixed voices.

G. P. Palestina.

St. Joseph's Choir, Detroit.

Gradual. "Salvos fac nos," 4 mixed voices.

Rev. Dr. Fr. Witt.

Cathedral Choir of Chicago.

Motet. "Adeste Fideles," 4 mixed voices.

Rev. Fr. Koenen.

St. George's Choir, Kenosha, Wis.

Response. "In Monte Oliveti," 4 mixed voices.

G. Croce (1609).

St. Francis' Choir, Milwaukee.

Antiphon. "Regina Coeli, 8 male voices . . . P. Piel.

St. Joseph's Choir, Detroit, and Seminary Choirs

of St. Francis, Wis.

Antiphon. "Salve Regina," 4 mixed voices.

G. P. Palestina.

Palestrina Society, Milwaukee.

"Adoramus," 4 mixed voices . . . Fr. Roselli (1600).

Cathedral Choir, Chicago.

Ps. "Miserere" (VI ton-) Falsob. 4 male voices.

Rev. Fr. Witt.

St. Joseph's Choir, Detroit.

Offertory. "Ascendit Deus," 4 mixed voices.

Rev. Fr. Schaller.

St. Francis' Choir, Milwaukee.

Gradual. "O Vos Omnes," 5 mixed voices.	<i>Rev. Fr. Witt.</i>
St. George's Choir, Kenosha.	
Response. "Cœnstantibus illis," 6 mixed voices.	<i>Rev. M. Haller.</i>
St. Joseph's Choir, Detroit.	
Sequence. "Lauda Sion"	<i>Gregorian Chant.</i>
Seminary Choirs of St. Francis', Wis.	
Offertory. "Gloria et Honore," 8 mixed voices.	<i>Rev. Fr. Witt.</i>
Choirs from Detroit, Kenosha, and St. Francis' Church, Milwaukee.	<i>J. C. F.</i>

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE Courier of Sunday last informs us that the programme for the sixty-fifth season of the Handel and Haydn Society has been made up, and will be as follows: At Thanksgiving, Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*; Christmas, *The Messiah*; Easter, *Israel in Egypt*. The fifth triennial festival will be given in May, 1880, beginning May 4 and ending May 9, and including two afternoon and five evening concerts. The list of works will not vary materially from the following: Beethoven, ninth symphony; Handel, *Utrecht Jubilate* (new), and *Solomon*; Haydn, *Spring*, from *The Seasons*; Hiller, *A Song of Victory*; Mendelssohn, *Saint Paul*; Saint-Saëns, *The Deluge* (new); Spohr, *The Last Judgment*; Verdi, *Requiem Mass*, and other novelties by modern writers. Spohr's work and Handel's *Solomon* will be practically new, the former not having been heard here since 1844, nor the latter since 1855.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE.—The Fifty-third concert (fourth series) was given, by the pupils, on Saturday evening June 7, under the direction of C. H. Morse, their professor of music, and Miss A. Louise Gage, their teacher of vocal culture, with the following programme:—	
Nocturne in A, No. 4	<i>Field.</i>
Kreisleriana, Op. 16-1	<i>Schumann.</i>
Miss Plimpton.	
Duet, "Saper vorrei se m'ami."	<i>Haydn.</i>
Misses Brewster and Richmond.	
Concerto in A (First movement—Allegro)	<i>Mozart.</i>
Miss Talford.	
(Orchestral Accompaniment on Second Piano.)	
Song, "The Garland."	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
Song, "Thou 'rt like unto a flower."	<i>Rubinstein.</i>
Miss Leonard.	
Allegretto, in B minor (Organ)	<i>Gulmant.</i>
Miss Phoebe.	
Song, "Romance."	<i>Rupes.</i>
Miss Richmond.	
Novelette in D, Op. 21-5	<i>Schumann.</i>
Miss Hobart.	
Song, "Love Star"	<i>Kücken.</i>
Miss Lewis.	
Adagio from "Duo Sonata," Op. 30 (Organ).	<i>Merkel.</i>
Miss Pratt.	
Concerto, in C minor (No. III).	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Allegro con brio (Moscheles' Cadenza)	Miss A. Jones.
Song, "The Asra"	<i>Rubinstein.</i>
Song, "Marie"	<i>Jensen.</i>
Miss Brewster.	
Overture to "Tannhäuser"	<i>Wagner.</i>
Misses Talford, Jones, Lewis, and Metcalf.	
The 54th Concert, June 9, was an Organ Recital by Professor Morse, who played:—	
Sonata, in D, Op. 42	<i>Gulmant.</i>
1837 (Largo e Maestoso, Allegro, —Pastorale — Allegro Assai.)	
Organ Hymn, "Sancta Maria"	<i>Whiting.</i>
Pastorale, in F	<i>Bach.</i>
Andantino, "Power of Sound"	<i>Spohr.</i>
Overture to "Oberon"	<i>Weber.</i>

AUBURN, N. Y.—A series of interesting Organ recitals has been given here in the first Presbyterian Church by the organist, Mr. I. V. Flagler, assisted by Mrs. A. M. Bennett, of Rochester, and Miss May Benton, vocalist, and Dr. Wm. H. Schultze, of Syracuse, violinist. The programmes of the 7th, 8th, and 9th recitals were as follows:—

May 19.—Bach: Toccata in F; Beethoven: Andante from Fifth Symphony; Cherubini: *Are Maria* (Mrs. Bennett); Leutner: Fest-Overture, Op. 42 (adapted by Mr. Flagler); Schubert: Serenade (Mrs. Bennett); Batiste: Offertoire de St. Cecile; Verdi: "Ernani, involami" (Mrs. Bennett); Soederman: Swedish Wedding March; Liszt: Fest-March.

May 26.—Reubke: 94th Psalm (Organ Sonata) in C minor; Ernst: Elegie (W. H. Schulze); Beethoven: Andante from First Symphony; Bach: Air for violin and organ; Schubert: Overture to *Rosamunde*; David, Ferd.—"L'Eloge des Larmes" (Dr. Schulze); Salome, T—Allegro Moderato; Molique: Hungarian Fantasie, Op. 26 (Dr. Schulze); Flagler: Processional March.

June 2.—Bach: Prelude and Fugue in B minor; Schumann: *Bunte Blätter*, Op. 99, No. 11; Costa: "Turn thou unto me," from *Eli* (Miss Benton); J. L. Krebs: Concert

Fugue in G; Raff: Fest-March, Op. 139 (arranged by Mr. Flagler); J. L. Roekel: "A Little Mountain Lad" (Miss Benton); Mendelssohn: Overture to *Ruy Blas*. The organ, built by Hook & Hastings, Boston, contains forty-three registers, three key-boards, and is blown by hydraulic power.

DETROIT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—The following programmes of piano-forte music, certainly worthy of any art, were performed in the 12th, 13th, and 14th Recitals, by pupils of the institution, under the direction of Professor J. H. Hahn:—

May 9.—Miss Kate Jacobs was the sole pianist. Bach: Prelude and Fugue in G; Beethoven: Sonata Pathétique; Chopin: Nocturne in C minor, Polonaise in A-flat; Mendelssohn: Hunting Song; Raff: Eclogue, Op. 105, No. 3; Bülow: Quadriglia, Op. 21; Schumann: Concerto in A minor, with a quintet of strings and a second piano for accompaniment.

June 6.—By Miss Mary Andrus. Beethoven: Sonata in C, Op. 53; Henselt: "Liebeslied;" Schumann: "Grillen;" Chopin: Berceuse, Ballade in A-flat; Liszt: Concerto in E-flat, with quintet and second piano.

June 13.—By Miss Nelly Colby. Kanneau: "Le Rappel des Oiseaux;" Scarlatti: Bourrée, in B minor; Bach: Prelude and Fugue in F (No. 11, Book I, Well-Tempered Clavichord); Beethoven: Sonata in A-flat, Op. 26; Chopin: Nocturne in E, Valse in C-sharp minor; Mendelssohn: Concerto in G minor, with quintet and second piano.

On the 12th, about a hundred of the most musical people of Detroit assembled at Seminary Hall, by invitation of Professor Hahn, and enjoyed a great treat in the following rich programme, interpreted by Mr. William H. Sherwood, of Boston:—

Prelude and fugue, in G-minor

a. Ballade in A-flat,

b. Etude in C-sharp, Op. 25,

c. Polonaise in A-flat,

a. { Fugue in G-minor, Op. 5, No. 3

b. { Serenade in D-minor, Op. 93

c. { Scherzo, Op. 31, extract from a suite

Concerto in A minor

The orchestral part played on second piano by J. H. Halm.

Halm.

a. { Waldesrauschen, concert etude

b. { Nocturne in F-sharp, Op. 15

c. { Tannhäuser March

CHERUBINO of the London *Figaro*, says he is authorized to state that Mr. Mapleson settled by telegram the engagement for his American season of Miss Auntie Louise Cary, the leading artist of Mr. Max Strakosch's company. Mr. Mapleson contracts to pay her \$15,000 for five months. The engagement has also been signed for the United States of Mme. Trebelli, the contralto. Signor Magnani, who produced *Aida* at Cairo, at the Scala, and at her Majesty's Theatre, is now duplicating the scenery, so that Verdi's latest work may be played with scenery from his brush simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Mapleson has also resolved to further increase the American orchestra, which, under the direction of Signor Ardit, will now consist of ninety players (sixteen first violins and other instruments in proportion), while another dozen artists will be added to the chorus, which, consisting of seventy-two picked voices, will thus be one of the finest opera choirs which has ever visited the United States. In regard to the New York Academy of Music, the directors have agreed to construct seventy-six extra seats on the third tier, a new suit of offices is being made for the director, a new drop curtain is being painted, and in order to obviate the necessity for ladies to wait in draughty corridors, a new crush-room is to be built on the sidewalk, capable of holding three hundred people. The same writer also says that during the forthcoming New York season, Mr. Mapleson will test the electric light as an illuminator for the borders and wings, and that the directors of the Academy have agreed to heat all the dressing-rooms by steam.

FOREIGN.

LONDON.—An enormous audience crowded St. James' Hall to hear the first performance for many years of the famous choral song, in forty real parts, of Thomas Tallis. Written in 1575 to Latin words, this historic curiosity was set to English words in 1630, and performances are still on record, by the Madrigal Society in 1834, and some years ago by Mr. Hullish's choir at Exeter Hall. Only four copies of the work are known to be in existence, one of them being in her majesty's library at Buckingham Palace, the others at the British Museum, in the library of Sir F. Gore Ouseley, and in that of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It was from the copy belonging to the Sacred Harmonic Society that the performance was conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie. Dr. Burney and Sir John Hawkins both refer to this remarkable work; probably the only specimen of its sort in existence. According to these authors, this wonderful effort of harmonic ability is not divided into choirs of four parts—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, in each—but consists of eight trebles placed under each other, eight mezzo-soprano or mean parts, eight counter tenors, eight tenors, and eight basses, with one line allotted to the organ.

The several parts of the song are not in simple counterpoint nor filled up in mere harmony without meaning or design, but have each a share in the short subjects of fugue and imitation which are introduced at every change of words. The first subject is begun in G by the first mezzo-soprano; the second medium, in like manner beginning in G, is answered in the octave below by the first tenor, and that by the first counter tenor in D, a fifth above. Then the first bass has the subject in D, the eighth below the counter-tenor, and thus all the forty real parts are severally introduced in the course of thirty-nine bars, when the whole phalanx is employed at once during six bars more. After this a new subject is led off by the lowest bass, and pursued by other parts severally for about twenty-four bars, when there is another general chorus of all the parts, and thus this musical curiosity is carried on in alternate flight, pursuit, attack, and choral union to the end, when the polyphonic phenomenon is terminated by twelve bars of general chorus in quadragesimal harmony. The effect of this marvelous work is, in performance, perhaps more astonishing than pleasing to modern ears, although the sound of the forty separate parts sung at once is truly extraordinary. To properly conduct such a work, sung by the finest of our amateur choirs, was a stupendous task, and Mr. Henry Leslie fully deserves the highest credit for its successful accomplishment. Even in these modern days, when that which is called musical science has made great strides toward finality, this marvelous relic of an Elizabethan age remains unique.

NILSSON'S LONDON HOME.—Mme. Christine Nilsson-Rouzaud and her husband, —the son of a French merchant, who married her after nine years' courtship,—a Parisian of the best type, live very quietly in the house in the Belgrave road which formerly belonged to their old friend, Mrs. Richardson. Singing days, as already remarked, are passed absolutely, save for an hour's drive in an open carriage, in seclusion, and the invitations which descend in showers are firmly but gratefully declined. Singing days being out of the question, and ante-singing days being prohibited for dining-out purposes, it may be imagined that not much time is given to festivity, especially when it is recollect that every spare evening is devoted, not to the opera or to concerts as one of the audience, but to the theatre, English or French. A bust of the late Duchess of Frijs occupies the place of honor in the Belgrave-road drawing-room, and its mistress is never weary of extolling the beauty of her friend and the admirable qualities of her excellent father. Beyond this bust and the picture of "Ophelia," by Cabanel, the drawing-room contains few works of art. It boasts, however, a wonderful collection of photographs, with autograph signatures, of course, of the crowned heads and other members of the royal families of Europe—the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of Austria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Queen of Naples, the King of Sweden, and many others, including the Czar. There is concerning this last-named photograph, a story indicative of the sharp line drawn by Mme. Nilsson between the artist-world and *les autres*, the great by birth or wealth alone. On the last night of her Russian engagement, at the conclusion of the performance she remained on the stage bidding farewell to the other artists, and especially to the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, to whom she displayed great liberality in the distribution of photographs. In the midst of leave-taking she heard a quick step behind her, and then the voice of the Czar, "Et moi donc," pointing to her hand full of photographs, "je n'aurai rien?" asked the master of all the Russias and of some Russians. Now, the Czar is very chary of giving his own portraits, and the cantatrice at once saw her advantage. "On condition that you give me your picture, you shall have mine," she answered, in her *vive* manner; and the head of the Romanoffs bowed to his fate with excellent grace.

Mme. Nilsson sets great store by her photographs; but beyond these—beyond even the bust of Victoire Balle: beyond the Cabanel "Ophelia," with its "fey" look; beyond the golden laurel crowns of Russia, Austria, France, and America; beyond all the treasures acquired during a life of unceasing devotion to art—she cherishes the little box containing the earliest musical instrument with which she was acquainted. Opening it daintily and delicately, she will produce a battered and patched specimen of the genus violin—no costly Stradivarius or Guarnerius, no milky-tongued Stainer; but a plain "fiddle," cracked and stringless, a sorry specimen of the most perfect of musical instruments. As she takes it from its retreat, she falls naturally into the position of the violinist, and in a voice of that subtle, penetrating force which constitutes what is loosely called a "sympathetic quality," continues: "I love the violin, and would play it every day if I were permitted to do so; but I am not permitted. It is suspected that the constrained attitude and the powerful vibration would by no means improve either my physical or musical tone for the evening. But I regret the violin nevertheless, and love this one very much indeed; for it is the instrument I played on at fairs round the country to help my people to money while I was yet a little child. I am, as you hear, a peasant born, and am proud of it;" and the fair head is flung back, the blue eyes throw out a brighter ray, and the soft curls are shaken, as the well-known positive of Mme. Normanda Néruda is copied with life-like accuracy.—London World.

